

in the pipes; nor has any defect been found in any section of the work.

Over twelve millions of dollars is the estimated cost of the entire work when done. From ten to twelve dollars is the rate charged per annum for families for the use of the water; its own force carries the stream into the highest stories of the most elevated buildings.

"An eminent clergyman (says the *New York Commercial Advertiser*), who has recently travelled in Europe and Asia, pronounces the Croton aqueduct the greatest work of our age, and says he has never noticed to compare with it in all his travels. Its conception and design are worthy to form an era in history, from the utility, fitness, and simplicity of the undertaking. For centuries to come it will stand a noble monument of the enterprise, art, and science of the present generation. No population of 300,000 ever before executed such a plan—not undertaken to mark a field of battle—not like the vast walls of China, Rome, or of modern Persia, in preparation for defence in war. On the contrary, the Croton aqueduct regards the health, temperance, and happiness of myriads of the present generation, and of ages to come. None without seeing it can form an idea of its magnitude and importance."

Literature.

Literatures of Martin Chuzzlewit. Edited by "Box." London: Chapman and Hall.

ALTHOUGH it is a part of our plan, in the conduct of this Journal, to give it that varied character which shall constitute it the universal medium of instruction, information, and amusement for the class to which it is addressed, and therefore it needs no apology from us for introducing to our pages extracts from the writings of popular authors, such as those of the mighty Dickens, yet we are impelled by a two-fold consideration to select from that source, in this particular instance. That vein of wit-ripping satire in which the author has hitherto indulged in drawing out the character of Squeers, the Yorkshire school-master, is now, it seems, to flow afresh, in the delineation of Mr. Pecksniff, a Wilshire architect. The broad dash of caricature with which he invests the portrait, is a peculiarity of the author that has no harm in it, since it is directed against a vicious practice, which deserves the strongest reprobation, and of which, as well as of the character of Pecksniff generally, it may be expected that our readers in particular will take an anxious cognizance. The very circumstance of the introduction of this worthy and his simple-minded pupil Pinch into the novel of Martin Chuzzlewit (for novel we suppose we must call it), will make us and thousands of our class his readers, and eager expectants of the monthly issue which is to develop the workings of the miserable genius of Master Pecksniff. With this preface we proceed with our purpose of drawing attention to the strong lights and shadows of the picture which arrests the eye of the architectural observer.

THE PARTING OF MR. PECKSNIFF AND HIS PUPIL.

"Come, Mr. Pecksniff," he said with a smile, "don't let there be any ill-blood between us, pray. I am sorry we have ever differed, and extremely sorry I have ever given you offence. Hear me no ill-will at parting, sir."

"I beg," answered Mr. Pecksniff, mildly, "no ill-will to any man on earth."

"I told you he didn't," said Pinch in an undertone; "I knew he didn't! He always says he doesn't."

"Then you will shake hands, sir?" cried Westlock, advancing a step or two, and bespeaking Mr. Pecksniff's close attention by a glance.

"Naps!" said Mr. Pecksniff, in his most winning tone.

"You will shake hands, sir?"

"No, John," said Mr. Pecksniff, with a calmness quite ethereal; "no. I will not shake hands, John. I have forgiven you. I had already forgiven you, even before you reached to approach and taunt me. I have embraced you in the spirit, John, which is better than shaking hands."

"Pinch," said the youth, turning towards him, with a hearty disgust of his late master, "what did I tell you?"

"Poor Pinch bowed down anxiously at Mr. Pecksniff, whose eye was fixed upon him as it had been from the first; and looking up at the ceiling again, made no reply."

control or influence, John, I will forgive you. You cannot move me to remember any wrong you have ever done me, John."

"Wrong!" said the other, with all the best and impetuosity of his age. "Here's a pretty fellow! Wrong! Wrong! I have done him; he'll not even remember the five hundred pounds he had with me under false pretences; or the seventy pounds a-year for board and lodgings that would have been dear at any rate. Here's a snip!"

"Money, John," said Mr. Pecksniff, "is the root of all evil. I grieve to see that it is already bearing evil fruit in you. But I will not remember its existence. I will not even remember the conduct of that misguided person!"—and here, although he spoke like one at peace with all the world, he quired an emphasis that plainly said "I have my eye upon the rascal now!"—that misguided person who has brought you here to-night, seeking to disturb (it is a happiness to say in vain) the heart's repose and peace of one who would have shed his dearest blood to serve him."

The voice of Mr. Pecksniff trembled as he spoke, and what were heard from his daughters. Sounds floated on the air, moreover, as if two spirit voices had exclaimed; one, "Beast!" the other, "Savage!"

"Forgiveness," said Mr. Pecksniff, "entire and pure forgiveness is not incompatible with a wounded heart; perchance when the heart is wounded, it becomes like one at peace with all the world; and emphasis that plainly said "I have my eye upon the rascal now!"—that misguided person who has brought you here to-night, seeking to disturb (it is a happiness to say in vain) the heart's repose and peace of one who would have shed his dearest blood to serve him."

"I beg," said Mr. Pecksniff, raising his voice as Pinch appeared about to speak, "I beg that individual not to offer a remark: he will ultimately oblige me by not uttering one word; just now. I am not sure that I am equal to the trial. In a very short space of time I shall have sufficient fortitude, I trust, to converse with him as if these events had never happened. But not," said Mr. Pecksniff, turning round again towards the fire, and waving his hand in the direction of the door, "not now."

"I tell you," cried John Westlock, with the utmost disgust and disdain the unobscured is capable of expressing, "Ladies, good evening. Come, Pinch, it's not worth thinking of. I was right and you were wrong. That's a small matter; you will be wiser another time."

So saying, he clasped that dejected companion on the neck, turned upon his heel, and walked out in the passage, whither poor Mr. Pecksniff, after lingering irresolutely in the parlour for a few seconds, expressing in his countenance the deepest mental misery and gloom, followed him. They then took up the box between them, and walked out to meet the mail.

That fleet conveyance passed, every night, the corner of a tank at some distance; towards which point they bent their steps. For some minutes they walked along in silence, until at length young Westlock burst into a loud laugh, and at intervals into another and another. Still there was no response from his companion.

"I'll tell you what, Pinch," he said abruptly, after another lengthened silence—"You haven't half enough of the devil in you! Half enough! You haven't any."

"Well!" said Pinch with a sigh, "I don't know, I'm sure. It's a compliment to say so. If I haven't, I suppose I'm all the better for it."

"All the better!" repeated his companion tartly.

"All the worse, you mean to say."

"And yet," said Pinch, pursuing his own thoughts and not this last remark on the part of his friend, "I must have a good deal of what you call the devil in me, too, or how could I make Pecksniff so unscrupulous?"

"I wouldn't have occasioned him so much distress and loss of sleep—for a single morning and eleven hours I could find good use for it, too, John. How grievous he was!"

"He grieved!" returned the other.

"Why didn't you observe that the tears were almost starting out of his eyes?" cried Pinch. "Bless me! John, it is nothing to see a man moved to that extent and know one's self to be the cause? Ah! did you hear him say that he could have shed his blood for me?"

"Do you want any blood shed for you?" returned his friend, with considerable irritation. "Does he shed any thing for you that you do want? Does he shed any money for you? Does he shed even legs of mutton for you in a decent proportion to potatoes and garden-stuff?"

"I am afraid," said Pinch, sighing again, "that I'm a great eater. I can't disguise from myself that I'm a great eater. Now you know that, John."

"You're a great eater," returned his companion, with no less indignation than before. "How do you know you are?"

There appeared to be forcible matter in this locality, for Mr. Pinch only repeated in an undertone that he had a strong misgiving on the subject, and that he greatly feared he was.

"Besides, whether I am or no," he added, "that has little or nothing to do with my thinking me ungrateful. John, there is scarcely a sin in the world that is in my eyes such a crying one as ingratitude; and when he takes me with that, and believes me to be guilty of it, he makes me miserable and wretched."

"Do you think he doesn't know that?" returned the other scornfully. "But come, Pinch, before I say any thing more to you, just run over the reasons you have for being grateful to him at all, until you change hands first, for the box is heavy. That'll do. Now, go on."

"In the first place," said Pinch, "he took me as

"Well," rejoined his friend, perfectly unmoved by this instance of generosity. "What in the second place?"

"What in the second place?" cried Pinch in a sort of desperation, "why every thing in the second place. My poor old grandmother died happy to think she had put me with such an excellent man. I have grown up in his house. I am in his confidence. I am his assistant, he follows me a salary; when his business improves, my prospects are to improve too. All this, and a great deal more, is in the second place. And in the very prologue and preface to the first place, John, you must consider this, which nobody knows better than I; that I was born for no other planter and no other thing; that I was not a good hand at his kind of business, and have no talent for it, or indeed for any thing else but odds and ends that are of no use or service to anybody."

He said this with so much earnestness, and in a tone so full of feeling, that his companion instinctively changed his answer as he sat down on the box (they had by this time reached the super-post at the end of the lane); motioned him to sit down beside him; and laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"I believe you are one of the best fellows in the world," he said, "Tom Pinch."

"Not at all," rejoined Tom. "If you only knew Pecksniff as well as I do, you might say it of him, indeed, and say it truly."

"I'll say any thing you like," returned the other, "and not another word to his disparagement."

"It's for my sake then; not his, I am afraid," said Pinch, shaking his head gravely.

"For whose you please, Tom, so that it does please you. Oh! I'll say anything I like. He never scraped and clawed into his pouch all your poor grandmother's hard savings—he was a housekeeper, wasn't he, Tom?"

"Yes," said Mr. Pinch, nursing one of his large knees, and nodding his head: "a gentleman's housekeeper."

"He never scraped and clawed into his pouch all her hard savings; dazzling her with prospects of your happiness and advancement, which he knew (and no man better) never would be realized! He never speculated and traded on her pride in you, and her having educated you; and on her desire that you at least should live to be a gentleman. Not he, Tom!"

"No," said Tom, looking into his friend's face, as if he were a little doubtful of his meaning; "of course not."

"So say I," returned the youth, "of course he never did. He didn't take less than he had asked, because that was all she had, and more than he expected; not he, Tom! he doesn't keep you as his assistant because you are of any use to him, because your wonderful faith in his pretensions is of inestimable service to all his mean disputes; because your honesty reflects honesty on him; because your wandering about this little place all your spare hours, reading in ancient books and foreign tongues, gets noticed abroad, even as far as Salisbury, making of him Pecksniff, the better a man to be of; and of vast importance. He gets no credit from you, Tom, not he."

"Why, of course he doesn't," said Pinch, gazing at his friend with a more troubled aspect than before. "Pecksniff get credit from me?"

"Don't I say that it's ridiculous," rejoined the other, "even to think of such a thing?"

"Why, its inroads," said Tom.

"Madness!" returned young Westlock. "Certainly it's madness. Who but a madman would suppose he cares to hear it said on Sundays, that the minister, who plays the organ in the church, and preaches on summer evenings in the park, is Mr. Pecksniff's young man, eh! Tom? Who but a madman would suppose that it is in the power of a man, who has to have his name in everybody's mouth, connected with the thousand useless odds and ends you do (and which, of course, he taught you), eh! Tom? Who but a madman would suppose you advertise him hereabouts, whose cheaper and much better than a chandler on the walls could—eh! Tom? As well might one suppose that he doesn't on all occasions pour out his whole heart and soul to you; that he doesn't make you a very liberal and indeed rather extravagant allowance; or, to be more wild and monstrous still, if that be possible, as well might our suppose, and here, at every word, he struck him lightly on the head, that our nature was to be kind and distrustful of yourself, and trustful of all other men, but most of all of him who least deserves it. There would be madness, Tom!"

Mr. Pinch had listened to all this with looks of bewilderment which seemed to be in part occasioned by the matter of his companion's speech, and in part by his rapid and vehement manner. Now that he had come to a check, he began to think and to gaze gazing wistfully in his face as if he were unable to settle in his own mind what expression it wore, and were desirous to draw from it as good a clue to his real meaning as it was possible to obtain in the dark, was about to answer, when the sound of the mail coach's horn came cheerily upon their ears, putting an immediate end to the discourse, and so that it seemed to the satisfaction of the young man, who jumped up briskly, and gave his hand to his companion.

"Both hands, Tom. I shall write to you from London, mind!"

"Yes," said Pinch. "Yes, do, please. Good bye. Good bye. I can hardly believe you're going. It seems now but yesterday that you came. Good bye! my dear old fellow!"